

The Home

Stolen Beauty

CALLA HARCOURT

"Yes, dears, your new hats are quite pretty,"
I answered my three sweetest girls,
Who questioned while pinning their tresses
Above their fair faces and curls.

"But which is the loveliest, auntie—
Be honest and tell us, please do—
Belle's hat with the bright bird upon it,
May's blossoms, my egrets so blue?"

"Were I a young man—spare those blushes,
A-seeking a sweetheart or bride,
Just judging your fair happy faces
I'm sure I could never decide;
But judging alone by your bonnets,
With never a glance underneath,
I'd choose for a wife, kind and gentle,
The one with the sweet blossom wreath.

"Because, my dear children, the blossoms
Speak only of fields and blue skies,
Of spring and its innocent pleasures,
With which all true hearts sympathize;
While birds that should gladden the woodland,
Or egrets, that stir at a breath,
With all of their sad stolen beauty,
Speak only of suffering and death.

"The soft baby blanket of egrets
Is torn from a dead mother's breast,
'Tis then that the feathers are fairest,
Tho the little ones starve in the nest.
The hunter cares not for the crying
Of those he has orphaned for gold—
The pitiful cries of the nestlings
That perish of hunger and cold.

"The jewel-winged bird on your bonnet
Last summer was happy and free;
Was flashing across the blue heavens,
Or filling the tree-tops with glee.
He died in the midst of a love-song—
Oh, woman's soft heart think of that!
He died never dreaming you wanted
His beautiful corpse for your hat.

"Each bird that is worn for adornment,
Each heaven-taught singer that dies
For vanity's sake, has two slayers—
The hunter, the woman who buys.
One kills and one pays for the murder;
Both equally guilty I hold;
Because the sad slaughter would slacken
If woman paid not with her gold.

"If earth should at last become birdless,
And spring lose its glory and song,
The worm and the locust bring famine,
On woman would fall the dark wrong."
"Enough," cried the dear, dainty maidens,
While pity their kind voices stirred;
"We'll nevermore wear for adornment
What cost the sweet life of some bird."

Chestnut, Ill.

Dick, The Engineer's Cat, That Saved The Train

C. GROVER

A father and little son were traveling from St. Louis to a town in the western part of the State, and among the things they carried was a small yellow kitten in a basket.

They had a sixty-mile ride before they changed cars. The gentleman pulled out a newspaper and began reading. The little boy amused himself by looking out of the window. At last, tired of that, he thought of his pet kitten, and taking him out of the basket played with him until he went off to

sleep. The kitten being let alone climbed into the next seat and went to sleep.

The train arrived at the station where the man and little boy were to change cars. And the man, folding up his newspaper, took the little boy and his bundles and the empty basket and rushed into the other train. The boy had been awakened so quickly that he had not thought of his kitten.

The first train passed on. At night when it drew up to its final station the conductor went thru the train and found the little yellow kitten asleep on one of the seats. He carried it to the fireman, who was fond of cats. The fireman fed the kitten and put him in the baggage car for the night.

When the train went out the next day the kitten, which the fireman called Dick, went with it. Dick rode in the baggage car for a week or so, when his master took him on the engine with him one day. Dick was quite frightened at first, but soon got over it, and always rode on the engine after that.

One thing very much frightened Dick—that was when he heard another train coming. He would crouch on the floor of the cab at his master's feet, and would remain so until the other train passed. His master had tried in vain to break him of this.

A year passed and Dick was on the same engine with his master, who had been promoted to be an engineer. Dick still appeared frightened at hearing another train.

One day in winter Dick's master was running in the western part of Missouri, when a severe snow storm came up. They reached one station at 4:30 in the afternoon, and a freight was due about the same time. They waited fifteen minutes for the freight, and then the conductor decided to go on to the next station, ten miles beyond. So he telegraphed to the next station to keep the freight until he reached there; and receiving no message back that the freight had left that station, he thought it all right, and Dick's train started. They had gone about five miles when Dick suddenly raised his head, listened for a moment, and then jumped to the floor and crouched at his master's feet. The engineer knew that Dick had heard a train. Then it flashed into his mind that perhaps it was the freight. He reached his head out of the cab window and listened, but he could hear nothing but the wind. He had so great confidence, nevertheless, in Dick that he signalled for the conductor. The conductor came and inquired the matter, and when the engineer told him how Dick had acted, he advised the engineer to back the train to the last station. The engineer lost no time in taking the conductor's advice, and backed the train at full speed.

They had been in the station about five minutes when in came the tardy freight. They were all agreed that it had been a narrow escape from a serious accident. When Dick's train arrived at the next station they asked why they had not telegraphed back that the freight had already started. The station-agent said that he had received no

message from the conductor at all. The next day the wires were found broken, so that the station agent had not received the dispatch.

Dick received due praise. His master is very proud of him, and he is a general favorite on that railroad.—Our Dumb Animals.

What God Gives a Boy

Selected.

A body to keep clean and healthy as a dwelling for his mind and a temple for his soul.

A pair of hands to use for himself and others, but never against others for himself.

A pair of feet to do errands of love and kindness and charity and business, but not to loiter in places of mischief or temptation or sin.

A pair of lips to speak true, kind, brave words.

A pair of ears to hear music of bird and tree and human voice, but not to give heed to what the serpent says or to what dishonors God or his mother.

A pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good, and the true—God's finger print in flower and field and snowflake.

As One That Serveth

Youth's Companion.

"What most impressed you at Ober-Ammergau?" was asked of a returned tourist recently.

"It was none of the things that the magazines tell about," replied the tourist. "It was the conduct of the young woman who waited on our table where we lodged."

"Tell me about it," said his friend.

"It was Anna Flunger, who took the part of Mary, the mother of Jesus. The only remarkable thing about it was that she was just as simple and unaffected as we might have expected any young woman of the village to be, tho hers was the part which the young women of Ober-Ammergau count worthy a life's ambition, and the greatest honor that can come to one of them in ten years, and but once to one.

"Saturday night she served us at table, and Sunday morning she served our simple breakfast, all as if unconscious that in an hour she would be the heroine in that sublime drama. I could not help wondering how many American girls would have done so, even on much smaller an occasion as their graduation."

"And did it seem inappropriate?" asked his friend.

"Not at all. Indeed, that was the most interesting thing about it. It was more than interesting; it was a sort of revelation of the spirit of Christian service. Would not Mary, the mother of Jesus, have done the same? I could not help thinking that she would, and in much the same way. And then I could not help reflecting that Christ Himself was among us as one that serveth.

"The best thing I got at Ober-Ammergau